

then give me all that you can give

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by [bravo07](#)

Summary

Receiving an ominous text from his Captain while he was on leave was more than concerning. It was barely dawn when his phone chimes.

Price - 05:32

Have you been in contact with Simon this last week?

Notes

ive been thinking of this for like a month and finally thought of an actual plot i can use

uh. ghost does not have a good time. there's talk of bitching (in terms of a/b/o) and well. it gets explained with shitty science in the fic. nothing is talked about too in depth but i'm definitely not vague about it at all so just read with caution

and also if i do include smut, it won't be the fucking magical healing cock trope i promise (as funny as the name is)

in happier light. holy shit the uk is small. i was doing research on how long a car ride would take from edinburgh (where i think soap would be. idfk) to manchester and it said 4 hours when i was expecting 10+. it takes 5 hours to drive through half of my state wtf

(title is from "give" - sleep token)

prologue

Receiving an ominous text from his Captain while he was on leave was more than concerning. It was barely dawn when his phone chimes, stirring him from his admittedly light sleep. Being back at his flat in Edinburgh has him restless, having been deployed for so long these last few months.

Price - 05:32

Have you been in contact with Simon this last week?

With bleary eyes, he reads it over and over until it clicks. Admittedly, he forgot his lieutenant's name sometimes. The man was cemented as Ghost in his brain, and his aversion to being called his actual name only made Soap avoid it even more. Less likely to accidentally slip from his mouth if he just completely forgot.

But it was an odd question. The man was also on leave, down in Manchester. He supposes it'd be a fair assumption that they frequently texted or called, but he didn't even have Ghost's number on his phone. Not for a lack of want. It just felt like breaching some wall that even he was uncertain whether or not Ghost wanted to cross just yet.

Running a hand through his hair, he rolled onto his back, his phone still grasped in his other hand. He quickly taps out his own message and hits send after briefly reading it over.

You - 05:38

No. Haven't spoken since I left Credenhill. Why?

Sighing, he lets his phone hit his chest once it was sent out. Fuck. He knew that meant he was awake for now, too worried about why on earth Price was trying to seemingly get into contact with Ghost. And certainly *he* had Ghost's number. Hell, it'd be readily available on the man's file. So Soap can only assume something was wrong, which there shouldn't be. Both of them were on leave for the next month.

He stands and gets dressed in clothes for the day. Only once he's in the bathroom, brushing his teeth, his phone chimes again. He immediately rushes back to the bedroom, toothbrush still in his mouth, to snatch up his phone. Unlocking it faster than he had ever before, he read through Price's message.

Price - 05:52

This is a breach of privacy, but he's on leave for his rut. For reasons I'm not comfortable with giving out, he's supposed to check in with me at least once a day. I haven't heard from him since Friday.

Nothing was cleared up, it seemed. Only made him more confused. But if Price wasn't going to tell him right away, he knew to trust that the details weren't incredibly important. At least for not right now. But fuck, Friday? It was Thursday morning, nearly a week having gone by. Nearly seven missed check-ins when Ghost never even missed them for longer missions no matter the circumstances.

And as much as it was none of his business, he had a feeling that Ghost wasn't the type to find a sweet Omega at some pub to spend his rut with. Soap knew he'd personally go insane if he didn't find someone to help to some extent, always having someone since he had his first rut.

Before he could even think of what to respond with, Price sends another message. This time with a link attached, one that has Maps embedded into it. Directions.

Price - 05:54

You're the only person I trust to ask to do this that's available, but if you have the time, consider driving down there. I'd like to say that he doesn't bite, but...

And truthfully, Soap had nothing to do. He already had his rut, his own being three days. The average amount for someone who regularly corrects their cycle after a few months on suppressants. A healthy one, anyway. But he knew Ghost enough that he knew he fought with the top brass against being forced to ride one out, even once a year. Price had been fighting with him the past few months until Ghost inevitably caved. What made him cave, Soap didn't know.

When he clicks the link and lets it work out his location to the address he was given, it's just over a 4 hour drive. He'd give it 5 hours to account for breaks. So he pads back to the bathroom to spit out the toothpaste and rinse out his mouth. At the same time, he texts Price back.

You - 05:58

I should be there around tonight, sir. Update me if he calls.

He watches the three dots appear and disappear a few times, the captain undoubtedly surprised by his readiness to do this. He wasn't on duty and could easily refuse, but he felt like this was serious.

Enough to where it felt reasonable to drop what he was doing -- nothing, currently -- and drive down to Manchester to make sure his lieutenant was safe.

Eventually,

Price - 05:59

Thank you.

Soap had long since been accustomed to long trips. He can't say how many hours he's spent in his seat on planes in his full kit, going into or coming back from a mission. But this was different. He was by himself in his car. He packed a bag with a few nights' worth of clothes, some snacks for the road, and his laptop and phone. He had to deal with civilian traffic, kept busy with his own thoughts and whatever came on his playlist.

In all honesty, he was worried. How bad were Ghost's ruts that he had to maintain contact with Price? And to what end of the "bad" spectrum were they? The main way could be overly violent, near feral. Territorial. It could be a death sentence for Soap if he walked into his flat, being an Alpha as well.

The other way was the little known side of the spectrum. It was touched on barely in school, mostly covering Alphas with a type of hormonal imbalance or trauma. Ruts that caused their behavior to lean toward what a heat typically looked like. Needy and touch starved, scared of your own shadow.

It made him worried to think of his lieutenant like that, more than the other option. He didn't think he'd know when to quit, when he should cave to the instinct to seek out a dark corner and build a nest.

And the more Soap thought about it, the more likely the latter possibility seemed. Price wouldn't knowingly send him to a situation that could get him injured. Ghost already beat him in strength alone, but the added effects of a rut meant that Soap had little chance of fighting back without the need to incapacitate the other man. If it was the latter, Ghost would be avoidant. He probably wouldn't even answer the door, depending on how far into his rut he was in.

Maybe he should've brought other supplies. Like that blanket his nan gave him when he had moved out of his parents' home for the first time. Fluffy and heavy. And also his box of heat and rut aids he kept

for both him and whatever partner he'd find.

He was already considering *helping* before he even realized what the fuck he was thinking. It wasn't like he hadn't been attracted to Alphas before, but whenever he searched for someone to ride out his rut with, it was always an Omega. Not like he was romantically involved with them. It was just... easier. Less complications. But it was *Ghost*. The man couldn't even stand friendly contact.

But Soap knows he'd stay if Ghost asked. Even if it was to simply be there to keep him company and make him feel safe. He truly meant it every time that he told the man that he had his six. He'd always watch his back, even off duty.

So the next time he stops for gas, he pulls out his phone to text Price again. There are no new messages, as expected.

You - 13:29

An hour away. What should I be expecting?

His tank is already full and paid for by the time Price answers. It's with a link, again. One that leads to an online medical site. So he pulls into a parking space to read it over. Just the title has a lump in his throat.

Heat-Ruts. The unofficial term. And it's not a broad article. Specifically for Alphas who've been bitched and the effects lingered to some extent. Just staring at that had him nauseated, feeling like he was learning too much. Ghost wouldn't want him to know about any of this. And to think, this was the biggest hint he's ever had about the man's life outside and before the military.

After taking a moment to breathe and stare blankly at the dashboard of his car, he's looking back at his phone, scrolling through the article. Basic symptoms and side effects, how to care for them with and without a partner.

He runs a hand through his hair and sighs, tossing his phone back into the passenger seat. Somehow, things were more complicated. He felt like he was biting off more than he could chew, but he knew he couldn't call it quits now. He'd be failing Price and Ghost, and he'd feel like a piece of shit.

Turning the car back on, he got back on the road once more. Ghost lived just barely within the city limits, which was fitting. Somewhere secluded while still being in range of all of the necessities. It wasn't

like Ghost stayed at his flat often, either on a mission or on base for most months out of the year.

Soap just hoped his arrival wouldn't be too jarring. He knows he should stop by a drug store before arriving, wanting to pick up some scent-dampeners and other medications Ghost might need. And because the possibility is open, maybe some lube and condoms. Never could be too prepared.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

“I put the cold packs in the freezer. Once your temperature is up, we can use them,” Soap says. He feels like it has been years since someone spoke, but Simon finds himself nodding anyway.

“Will you stay?” He asks, his voice heavy and slightly slurred. It takes all of his brain power to talk, embarrassingly so.

“If you want. I brought clothes, but I’ll leave if it’ll make you feel safer.”

Chapter Notes

i got this out quick

i explain more of ghost's whole situation here. strong tw for implied SA (it's not explicitly mentioned but it's definitely there) as well as past non-con drug use.

There was a damn good reason why Ghost often avoided leaves to go through a rut. He felt... disgusting. Wrong. It kicked up his worst memories, and the sleep he manages to get is short-lived and more exhausting than restful. He can't count the amount of times he's woken up screaming or crying. Can't count the number of times he's sat in the shower until the water turned from scalding to freezing. Anything to get the feeling of hands on his skin away.

Even before, his ruts were never pleasant. He was never afforded the time to ride them out, having to be the man of the house as he grew up because his father was too drunk to do anything but yell and hit them.

But now, instead of being protective, he was *scared*. He wanted protection. The security system installed and several weapons stashed throughout the house wasn't enough. The shitty nest he eventually gives in to make was never enough. Even whenever he used the laundry detergent that was the same one his mother used growing up.

This time is worse. He had pushed it even further than he typically went, thanks to their relentless pursuit of Hassan and then the Shadow Company. He was dazed with the fever and spent most of the time

curled up in the pile of blankets he could hardly call a nest and stared at the wall.

He doesn't keep track of the hours or the days, even if he knew he was missing something important. He just... couldn't. He was tired. He didn't want to stand up. He only relented to use the bathroom and reluctantly grabbed easy snack food before crawling right back in. It was hard to stomach anything, but he knew with the stress his body was going through that it'd make things worse if he let himself starve and dehydrate.

The fever only breaks when he gives into the burning arousal and rubs one out as fast as possible. He knows it won't be something that last long, only a temporary thing to clear his mind. Let him get a breath of fresh air.

He's standing and beginning to pull a shirt over his head when he hears a car peel into the driveway. He freezes, eyes wide as it feels like his blood turns to ice. Dread and fear coiled tight in his belly. His instincts are going haywire, urging him to fucking hide. No lights were on in the house, and he could easily pretend he was asleep or not even home.

With shaking hands, Simon tugs the shirt back down. Flinches when he hears a car door open and shut. He had no idea who it could be. Price was in Credenhill, and no one else knows his address. And, shit. *Price*. He missed check-in. Probably several. Too out of it to remember to grab his old phone.

He's quiet as he moves through the house. Gets to the front where he pushes back the curtain to see into his driveway. The sun isn't down completely yet, and a glimpse at the man that was rounding the car to get to the other side of it has him pausing. So fucking confused.

Soap? What was he doing here? *How?* He had been sent off on leave as well, also going through a rut before visiting his family. And that was hours away. So why the fuck was he in Simon's driveway, pulling a grocery bag out from the backseat?

He backs away from the window before he could be spotted peeking through. He's less terrified, more uncertain. The sergeant will know everything immediately. Simon may not be able to smell himself, but he knows his scent has long since been altered. Becoming more sweet than heavy, albeit still retaining that little bit that places him as an Alpha.

But fuck. He knew it was just Soap. They had gone long enough on missions where they had caught hints of each other's true scent under the scent blockers that steadily wore off. Embarrassingly, he enjoyed the other man's signature scent. The smell of smoke and spices that remind him mostly of apple cider. Warm and comforting.

Shoving down the growing urge to hide, he unlocks the deadbolt and handle before wrenching the door open. Soap stops in surprise from where he was nearly at the top step of the porch, phone in one hand and the small bag in the other.

"What are you doing here?" He asks, voice gruff from disuse. He tries to bear his teeth, trying to posture like an actual angry Alpha. But he just feels more like a cornered animal than a beast trying to defend its territory. And the aggression doesn't seem to dissuade Soap from continuing.

"Price asked. You've been dark for a week, almost," Soap explains. It has Simon pausing, the grip he has on the handle of the door making his knuckles turn white. A week? He's fucking surprised he didn't die from his fever, his body not made to withstand something even close to the intensity of a heat.

"Oh," is all he can get out. Voice choked. Realizing they were still in the doorway, Simon let go of the door with jerky movements and took a few steps back. "Well, if you've driven all this way..."

Soap takes the unspoken permission and walks in, letting the door shut behind him. Simon leads him to the kitchen, where he sets the bag on the counter and begins to take items out, lining them up. Boxes of pills, flavored Pedialyte, and some cold packs. And just from being in the same room, he can tell Soap covered his scent. Not completely, but it's not overwhelming and invading.

"Price only sent me the basic uh... reason. But I did my research a wee bit and decided to bring you some supplies." Soap seems shy now, staring at the tall bottle of juice as if it was the most interesting thing in the world. Simon is still baffled, unable to find his words.

"That's..." He slowly approaches, staring at the pills. One that treats cramps and the other helps bring down his body temperature. It's jarring, like the rug had been pulled out from under him when he was already unstable. The sheer amount of care is overwhelming, and he's frozen in place as his instincts contradict themselves over and over.

"Thank you..."

And just like that, his brain starts to grow foggy and sluggish. A new layer of sweat breaks out, and he tries his best not to let it show. But Soap's eyes are on him immediately, wide and attentive.

"Go settle down, LT. I'll bring you everything."

He wants to argue. He can very well get the pills and juice himself. But he's also tired, and the firm, confident voice of an Alpha that he trusts has him giving in easily. So he only nods and starts to go back to his room.

He tries to ignore the embarrassment at the state of his nest, nothing like the ones he's seen on TV or online. Just a few blankets and pillows that were thrown together haphazardly. It's not like Soap will care, either. If he already knows, then Simon's nest will possibly be the least surprising thing.

He climbs into it. He had moved his mattress to the floor and pushed up in the corner where he could easily avoid the sunlight that comes through the window. The bedframe is deconstructed and the metal bars are lined against the far wall, giving him room.

He strips off his shirt and shoves it into the nest. And as his hand meets his neck absentmindedly, he's not met with the soft cotton he was expecting. He forgot his mask. It wasn't like Soap had never seen his face, but Ghost still didn't enjoy having it out in the open in front of others. He becomes so aware of his face, and the air on his scars makes them feel like they're stretching his skin, unpleasant.

He can't help but trace the scar on the side of his face, the one that cuts through the corner of his mouth, exposing the teeth there just barely. It doesn't go all the way to his ear, but it's close, cutting right under his cheekbone.

He doesn't know how long he sits there, tracing that one scar before there's a knock on the door. He jumps, but it opens before he can answer. He'd admonish Soap for the rude intrusion if his attention isn't caught by the plate he had.

It was just an assortment of fruits he had picked up from the store before his rut started. All cut up and set on the plate, the two pills Soap had brought also on it. In the other hand is a glass of the juice Soap brought, and Simon can feel his mouth water at the aspect of having real food for once; having been surviving just on snack bars alone for the past week.

“Both o’ the boxes said to eat before taking the pills. Can’t say this’ll be the most fillin’ thing, but it’s something,” Soap says as he sets the plate at the edge of the mattress. The glass gets put on the ground, less likely to tip over that way.

And he speaks like this isn’t much more than Simon ever asked for. The only time he can remember someone bringing him food was when he was a child, incapable of reaching the tall cabinets in the kitchen. Or the hospital, receiving bland cafeteria food that he could barely stomach.

Both times were out of necessity. But Simon could’ve easily gotten himself fruit while his mind was clear. Could’ve done it all, yet here Soap was, doing it with a smile on his face.

Simon only hums. He feels floaty, right before another wave. But if Soap doesn’t like his lack of a verbal response, he doesn’t show it. Only moves the plate closer to Simon.

He takes it, immediately grabbing one of the strawberry slices. Sweets were better during his rut, but he also knew it was caused by his fucked up hormones. Being pumped full of heat-inducers for weeks on end obviously has a lasting effect, even nearly a decade later. His old therapist had simply said his body had taken up acting like an Omega as a defense method, yet getting rid of it completely would take years of therapy.

Soap keeps his distance while Simon eats, obviously trying his best to not just stare at him. And even with whatever scent-dampener he had put on, his scent was slowly combining with Simon’s own in the room. It’s a dangerous, heady mix. He wonders if Soap notices it as well, or if it’s him being sensitive to scents due to his rut.

He eventually grunts at Soap to get his attention, who immediately turns to him. Simon grabs one of the melon slices and holds it out to him. The other man looks like he’s about to protest before he seems to see something in Simon’s face that gets him to sigh and take the slice, eating it.

It wasn’t unknown that Alphas tend to enjoy providing. Whether it was keeping territory secure, bringing back food, or providing comfort. Omegas had a similar tendency, but it was something more for peace of mind that their pack was taken care of. So it makes Simon happy to see the other man eat, an unfamiliar warmth blooming in his chest.

He makes Soap accept a few more pieces, still eating some of his own. The plate is eventually cleared. The other man moves closer to grab the glass off of the floor to hand it over to Simon, and as he gets close, there's a stronger hint of his smell. Enough that it makes his mouth water, wanting to drag him into the nest and cover the blankets and few articles of clothing with his scent.

But he suppresses the urge, taking the drink and gulping it down fast. He only pauses to take the two little pills, hoping that they worked. He'd rather not have his brain cook in his skull, and while he didn't get as bad of cramps that an actual Omega would get, his abdomen still tenses and his hips still ache.

"I put the cold packs in the freezer. Once your temperature is up, we can use them," Soap says. He feels like it has been years since someone spoke, but Simon finds himself nodding anyway. Full and warm, he wants a nap. But he doesn't want to leave Soap hanging.

"Will you stay?" He asks, his voice heavy and slightly slurred. It takes all of his brain power to talk, embarrassingly so.

"If you want. I brought clothes, but I'll leave if it'll make you feel safer."

He's lucid enough to tamp down the whine that tries to crawl out of his throat. He feels more safe than he had been, trusting Soap with his life. This was no different, and he knew he wouldn't be harmed like this. Typically, an Alpha would get antsy if another was in their territory for their rut unless they were packmates. The 141 wasn't officially a pack, never scenting each other. Mostly because it took a serious event to bring them all to one place, everyone always spread out across the world.

"You can stay. It's almost dark, anyway." He stares at the bottom of his juice glass where a thin puddle of red sat at the bottom, not worth drinking. "The guest room is clean."

Soap nods, just barely visible in the corner of Simon's vision. Then he was reaching over, grabbing the plate and glass before standing. He follows him with his eyes as he pads out of the room, letting the door stay just barely cracked open behind him.

All of the doors needed to be shut, but now, Simon felt like it was one less barrier. That Soap was literally right there, only obscured by wood and drywall.

So slowly, he rearranged his nest until it was comfortable enough to lay down. Curled up with a direct view of the door. It's almost completely dark out by now, and the only light is the strip that comes through the gap. He can hear the sound of the sink running and dishes clattering. Someone else was in his house, but the typical alarm bells in his mind were silent.

Simon falls asleep easily, listening to the sounds of Soap simply existing in the house. Walking around, undoubtedly giving himself a tour. It wasn't a big flat, and the decoration was minimal. Low effort considering the fact that he hardly spent time here at all. But it's never felt more like a home than it did now.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

“He’s dead.”

“Who?”

“The man I thought you were. Been dead a long time.”

“Good. I would’ve done it myself if he wasn’t.” Soap means it, wholeheartedly.

Chapter Notes

no new tw's other than an implied panic attack. every other tw still applies

i am making up everything about this a/b/o universe. just dont think too hard on it, ok?

also i'm sorry for this chapter and basically everything else i write on these guys if it seems aggressively american. i've only been outside of the country once and it was nowhere near the uk

also half of this chapter is soap's pov of a bit of last chapter. i picked a point without realizing how far back it was, and while i usually hate doing different povs of the same scenes, their povs are so different i feel like it's excusable.

im sorry i'll let ghost be happy soon

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“What are you doing here?”

Soap finds himself frozen midstep, eyes widening. There was a split second where he was afraid he was going to be attacked, being another Alpha on the other man’s territory and all that. It wasn’t like Price could tell Ghost that he was coming if he wasn’t even checking his phone.

But immediately he relaxes, taking in the sight of Ghost. He was disheveled, wearing a loose T-shirt and fatigues that were barely clinging to him. His hair was a mess, although that wasn’t anything

new. Yet now it wasn't flattened from hours kept under the mask, instead ruffled and fluffy and barely contained.

He seems more apprehensive than aggressive, sneering down at Soap. But his scent, stronger than he's ever smelled it before, is tinged with fear. It's something woodsy, like the forest after rainfall. But there's sweet undertones that conflict with the rest, something not typical of an average Alpha. That, on top of the thick scent of rut, feels like it was clinging to the back of his throat and he wasn't even inside yet.

"Price asked. You've been dark for a week, almost." Best to be blunt. There was less room for confusion, and he knew Ghost would appreciate it. The man was excessively curt, never beating around the bush. First hand, Soap had seen it come off as insensitive or crude. Like Ghost hadn't already agonized over all of the details before shoving his initial reaction right down.

He watches the man pause, surprise coloring his face, relaxing his sneer. Had he lost track of time that severely? It was so far from the usually organized man he was used to, but he avoided pointing it out, making the obvious guess that that would be poking a sore spot.

"Oh," is all Ghost says, breathed out quietly. He then pulls back from the door, nearly hesitant in his movements before he was taking a few steps back. Soap half expects him to close the door on him, but he only stands there, expectantly. "Well, if you've driven all this way..."

Soap barely bites back his smile, instead walking past him and into the home. If he thought his scent was strong outside, it was *suffocating* inside. The bitterness of fear is the most prevalent thing that stands out, and it hurts him to think that Ghost had been spending all this time here alone, terrified.

The door is shut and locked behind him, and then Ghost was walking around him. He's led into the kitchen, and there, he starts to put the contents of the bag he was carrying onto an available spot on the counter. He had stopped by a drug store and after asking a clerk some rather vague questions, had picked up a few items.

One of which he had used in the car. A scent-dampener he had put over the glands under his ears and on his wrists. It wasn't as smothering as the military grade scent-blockers they used on a daily basis, instead allowing some of his scent to come through. It shouldn't be enough to aggravate the other Alpha, but being completely scentless could cause the same reaction. Going off of the minimal

information Price had given, Soap was trying his best.

“Price only sent me the basic, uh... reason. But I did my research a wee bit and decided to bring you some supplies.” He felt silly. Ghost was a grown man who probably did his own preparation work during the pre-rut. But part of him felt like nothing would’ve gone wrong if he had.

“That’s...” Ghost starts, abruptly cutting himself off. Soap barely has the courage to look, scared he’ll see anger or amusement. He had helped a few Omegas through their heats before and gone through his own rut, but never something like this. And he knew to take whatever he read online with a grain of salt, even if it was the only resource he had. “Thank you...”

He lifts his head then, meeting Ghost’s eyes. His face was already beginning to flush, and Soap realized he probably caught him in between waves. He ignores the way the other man’s scent grows somehow sweeter and quickly moves to usher the other man out of the room.

“Go settle down, LT. I’ll bring you everything.” He was ready to push him, knowing how stubborn Ghost could be. Especially whenever it came to letting someone else help him, always so insistent on being independent. Soap respected it most of the time, but now was different.

But much to his surprise, Ghost relented easily. Only tiredly nodding before turning and wandering out of the kitchen. The floorplan is pretty basic and open, so he can see which door Ghost disappears behind.

Running a hand through his hair, he almost wanted to step out for fresh air. But he wasn’t certain about leaving the other man alone for too long. From the counter, he puts the cold packs he had gotten into the freezer for later. Once that was done, then he goes about peeking into his cabinets and fridge, deciding on some fresh looking fruits. He had read the pill boxes at the store, seeing how they both suggested taking the pills with food.

At the same time, he fishes his phone out of his pocket. He didn’t want to forget to update Price, knowing he was undoubtedly worried. He texts a brief summary as he looks through drawers for utensils before inevitably finding the knife block on the counter.

You - 18:49

At Ghost's. About to get food + meds in him. He's a little rough looking but coherent.

Leaving his phone on the counter, he goes about cutting up a peach, some strawberries, and two slices of melon. Not his best work, but certainly edible. The knife goes into the sink for him to wash later and he opens up both boxes of pills, getting the recommended dosage out for each. It all goes onto a plate, set aside as he looks around for a glass.

The Pedialyte had been his own decision, knowing Ghost was definitely not drinking or eating enough. The stress of just a regular two or three day cycle was enough to exhaust anyone, and if it had been going as long as the week he had been nothing but radio silence, Soap can't imagine the state he was in.

Once he had poured some into a glass, he grabbed the plate and started toward Ghost's room. Knocking before entering the room, his eyes immediately find the other man's form on the mattress on the floor. He can see the parts of his bed frame line along the wall, obviously moved on purpose for this rut.

The nest is just barely one, pulled together by someone who obviously didn't have the knowledge nor natural instinct to build it. It was even weirder to see that it was in the open. Closed off in a room, yes. But most people preferred to hang sheets or curtains around and over the nest. He couldn't help but wonder if that'd be simply too much for Ghost, or if he had ever even considered doing something like that before.

"Both o' the boxes said to eat before taking the pills. Can't say this'll be the most fillin' thing, but it's something." He carefully sets the plate and glass down, trying his best to prevent any messes from occurring. Soap tries his best to not stare too long at Ghost, considering the fact that he was now shirtless *and* maskless, neither of which he saw often.

All Ghost does is hum. On that edge right before another wave, dazed and hazy eyed. He smells so sweet, and Soap hates how his teeth *hurt*. He's glad for the scent-dampener he put on or his instinct's response would be noticeable. In passing, he thinks the scent would easily get mistaken for an Omega's. But the richer undertones and Soap's own knowledge prevents his instincts from reacting like he had an Omega in heat in front of him instead, but it was a close call.

He watches as he begins to eat, movements sluggish. He obviously

enjoys the fruit, and Soap was sure that if the other man had the right parts, he'd be purring. But Alphas couldn't, though the general unease and fear in his scent had slowly begun to lift. It relaxes a part in him that he didn't even know was tense.

His attention is caught by a grunt, and he turns back to look at him without thinking. He watches Ghost pick up one of the melon slices, and then extends his arm forward. It catches him off guard, but something warm sparks in his chest. And even if he'd like to make sure Ghost ate all of it, he knew that this was instinct acting. An Alpha making sure everyone is fed. And with Ghost being unable to make food, this was the next best thing.

So Soap accepts the melon slice, popping it into his mouth. The tired grin on Ghost's face is worth it.

He knows that he's the closest person in the 141 that Ghost has, currently. Price was also a constant, but their bond was made from knowing each other for so long. It was Soap who was paired with him constantly, attached at the hip for weeks on end. Anyone else in or associated with the taskforce, Ghost only spoke to on official terms.

So pack behavior like this shouldn't be as surprising as it is. Yet Soap can't help the shock while also quietly preening over the fact that he had gained so much trust. It'll be a long conversation once the rut was over, but for now, he was content to sit here and take whatever Ghost offered him.

Once the fruit was finished, he takes the plate and hands over the glass. He has to get close to do so, and their hands brush as Ghost takes the cup. His skin is already hot and he looks significantly more *gone* than a few minutes ago. But the pills should help with the fever. The only other effective way was sexual release, ideally with a partner. But Soap wouldn't even consider asking while the other man was like this.

"I put the cold packs in the freezer. Once your temperature is up, we can use them," he says as he watches Ghost drink and take the pills. It was rather odd to not hear a single protest about any of this from the man, having been grumbled at before for just making him tea while he waited on the coffee maker in the rec-room. Yet now, all he gets is a slow nod.

"Will you stay?" Ghost finally asks once he had drained all of the juice, absentmindedly licking his lips as he stared at nothing in

particular. His voice is just a murmur, his eyes barely able to keep open. He was reaching his limit, clearly.

“If you want,” Soap decides on saying. “I brought clothes, but I’ll leave if it’ll make you feel safer.”

He doesn’t expect the reaction that gets, watching his dark eyes widen and snap right to him, hearing the tail-end of a whimper. A genuine reaction of distress. But Ghost immediately looks away, seeming nearly embarrassed.

“You can stay. It’s almost dark, anyway.” Ghost’s voice is slightly clearer this time around. “The guest room is clean.”

Soap would be lying if he said that a little part of him wasn’t disappointed that he wasn’t invited into his nest. He knew it’d be stupid to expect it. Just being allowed into the flat was a huge sign of trust and he wasn’t looking to push Ghost out of his comfort zone.

He only nods. He doesn’t want to keep Ghost up any longer by talking, even though a big part of him wants to stay and talk. He needed any energy he could get, and Soap could tell he was already running himself thin like this.

So he takes the glass that was still in his hand and the plate and leaves. He keeps the door cracked open, just barely enough that he could hear if anything was wrong. He didn’t know how Ghost got during the thick of his rut, but Soap didn’t need to be a genius to know that it was nothing like his own.

He sets about washing the dishes he had made. He’d cook an actual meal later for when the other man was back on his feet. Get actual nutrients and calories in him. Now he just had to find something for himself to do as he waited.

Once the dishes were washed and hand dried, he finally checked his phone, unsurprised to see a response from Price.

Price - 18:54

Remind me that I owe you a drink when you’re back from leave.

A loud clatter wakes him up. He doesn’t know when he fell asleep, having nodded off on the couch at one point. The flat is completely dark now, the sun having set already. He fumbles for his phone from

where it had fallen between him and the couch, turning the flash on.

A quick scan over the open living room and the lack of light or movement in the kitchen meant the sound came from Ghost's room. Was he up? It was possible he had gotten up to use the restroom. But Soap was too worried to let it go, instead pushing himself to stand up from the couch.

It's only a few strides to make it to the other man's door, but the closer he gets, the more potent the stench of fear is. It's similar to how it smelled when he got there, but somehow worse.

"Ghost?" He calls out. He feels like knocking would be too much, a sudden loud noise on the door. He didn't know what state of mind he was in, which meant he didn't know how he'd register the noise properly.

There's no response except for a spike in the bitter scent. It's the kind he's picked up before during missions. The ones that were hard to stomach, the only saving grace being his training to ignore his instincts when necessary. But it somehow hurts more when it's someone he recognizes and cares about.

"Ghost, it's Soap. Are ye alright?" He speaks up after a few tense beats of silence. If he strains his ears hard enough, he can hear the sound of Ghost's breathing. Shaky and tense, trying his best to mimic the usual quiet way that he breathed.

It's unbearable. All his instincts want is to go in there and smother him with hugs and scent him until he was calm again. But he knows that he'd do more damage if he tried that. He knows next to nothing about what happened to get him to be this way, but from the article Price had sent earlier, he knew that he probably didn't have a good mental association with Alphas. Especially not when he's vulnerable like this.

"...Simon?"

The hairs on the back of his neck stand up as a low rumble comes from the room, the door still barely cracked. But the growl stops as soon as it starts, as if the reaction had been involuntary. But Soap gets the message. Swallowing the lump in his throat, he takes a step back.

"Alright, I'm backin' up. Not gonna come in."

It's then that he realizes why the reaction was so bad. The scent-

dampener was only meant to last for a few hours. If Ghost had slept for a decent amount of time, the flat was probably full of Soap's own scent by the time he woke up. And if he wasn't fully aware, he probably only recognized it as another Alpha's scent in his territory.

The bottle was in his car. But it might do some good to step out. Fresh air would clear his head, and it'd let Ghost know that he wasn't camped out in front of his door, waiting for him. Well, he technically was. But not for the reasons that Ghost's rut-addled mind would come up with. It didn't help that they didn't scent each other frequently, and what time they spent together was when they both were on the mandated suppressants. So he wouldn't be familiar with Soap's scent at all.

It stung, a little bit. He was used to dealing with Omegas who were more receptive to even a barely known scent and vice versa. As far as he knew, two Omegas were fine. Any Beta was fine, considering the fact that they didn't have a cycle at all. Two Alphas were the trickiest, and one of them being in Ghost's condition made it harder.

"I'm steppin' out for a wee bit," he calls out to him. It felt better to tell him everything in case there was any part of him that'd understand. Less surprises, that way. He had no fucking clue what he was doing, but he felt like he was doing a decent job at it.

He uses his phone's flashlight to lead him to the front door. Turning the porchlight on before stepping out, he makes the effort to open and close the door loudly so Ghost could hear it. Outside, it's cold but it seems to do the trick in clearing the fog from his brain.

The trip to his car and back is short. The building has a flat above it and another, identical building stands beside it. But it seemed like only the top one in the second building was occupied, the one below it looking to be completely vacant while the one above Ghost's just seemed like the owners weren't home.

It was quiet and peaceful. Fitting for Ghost. Even if he didn't spend much time on leave, Soap doubts he'd settle for a shitty flat in the city.

The dampener just sprays on, a quick application that seemed to work fast. He still gives it a few minutes. Not so much as a light had come on since he stepped out, but he didn't expect anything less.

When he does go in, he opens and shuts the door loudly once more. Remembers to lock it back up. The fear scent wasn't as strong but it

was still there. Soap decides he'd give Ghost more time, so he steps back into the kitchen, flicking the light on. He winces, his eyes having gotten used to the dark.

Once they adjusted to the change once more, he went through the cabinets. Looking at what was stocked in them. He knows he won't be able to make anything exceptionally nutritional going off of what Ghost deemed necessary to buy. The man spent most of his time in the military and it shows, only having basic necessities, favoring canned and easy prep foods.

He settles on just spaghetti and marinara. He's certain Ghost wouldn't like anything too complex anyway, and something light on the stomach. So he goes about boiling some water and throwing what felt like a good amount for the both of them in. The entire time, he keeps an eye on Ghost's door, listening for any new sounds.

By the time he's heated up the sauce and is adding it, he hears the door finally creak open. He stops himself from spinning to look while he still has the hot saucepan in his hand, and sets it down before glancing back.

Ghost steps out, looking worse than he did the last time Soap had actually seen him. Disheveled with red rimmed eyes that glance between Soap and the stove. He stood as if trying to make himself look smaller, which was admittedly impossible for a man as large as Ghost.

"Hungry? I just finished. I cannae say it's my best work, but it should do." He gives him a grin, hopefully reassuring.

"You cooked?" Ghost asks, voice quiet. The confused, hesitant look on his face would almost be amusing if the context wasn't what it was. So Soap just nods.

"Aye. Someone has to. You really don't pre-make some meals before a rut?"

"No. Not like I do much during it. Snack bars are usually enough."

Soap all but gawks at him. "Christ, who taught you that?"

Ghost shrugs, glancing away. "No one. Couldn't really ask my dad about this shit." And Soap feels a pang of sympathy for him. He doesn't try to pry any further, not with him freshly out of a wave that ended badly.

So he goes about putting together a plate for Ghost first, the other man staying where he was as he waited. He hands it over before making his own plate, and inevitably they decide to sit on the couch rather than the little dining room table that was pressed against the back of the sofa.

"I'm sorry," Ghost speaks up after a while. He was nearly done, obviously more hungry than he had let on. Nearly shoveling it into his mouth up until that point. Although Soap couldn't say it was the first time he had seen his lieutenant eat like a damn animal, though it was usually during hard missions with little time for breaks.

"For what?" He asks, raising an eyebrow. Ghost doesn't raise his gaze to meet his, instead staring down at his plate.

"My reaction. I woke up from a nightmare and... I was convinced it was someone else's scent in the air. Once you left, I finally realized it was just you."

Soap just stares. He's glad for the dampener he put on, feeling a pulse of anger that'd likely be present in his scent without it. Not at Ghost, but at whoever left him this way. At his dad. At all of the elements that fell together to create this.

"None o' that is something ye should be apologizing for. Even if ye fuckin' mauled me."

Ghost does look at him now, his expression unreadable. Slowly, he nods and looks back at his plate, finishing what was left before setting it on the coffee table.

"He's dead."

"Who?"

"The man I thought you were. Been dead a long time."

"Good. I would've done it myself if he wasn't." Soap means it, wholeheartedly. He'd put a bullet in anyone's skull that had something to do with this. Even if Price said he couldn't, he would.

"You don't even know what he did."

"Doesn't matter. You were scared to *growl* at me. It's not right."

Ghost looks surprised as if it wasn't the most obvious thing in the

world for Soap. He knows that Ghost could very well protect himself, but it didn't stop Soap from wanting to as well. He just wants the world to be kinder to the man.

"I'll have to take your word for it, then, Johnny."

Chapter End Notes

soap has no right looking so damn FINE in the mwiii trailer.

also the more i write the more i realize there is no way i'm finishing this in 5 chapters so i set it back to neutral. accidental slow burn im not sorry

i may not respond to comments (anxious) i read each one several times and cherish them.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

“No one has ever gone stupid over my scent before,” Soap comments, voice just barely above a whisper.

Simon huffs, squeezing his eyes shut to ignore the embarrassment that came from it. “Shut it,” he grunts out, earning another laugh.

Chapter Notes

this is the worst chapter in terms of references to SA. nothing explicitly happens but it is directly talked about. it'll probably be the worst scene in this whole fic

anyway, i love writing nightmares and dream sequences. don't know why, they're just fun

i didn't think i'd finish this chapter today tbh. i don't plan to continue posting once a day, mostly because the chapters keep reaching 3k+ words and i know i'll burn out at this rate. i do have the rest of the fic planned at least

there's 1 instance of spanish in this that's fueled solely by 3 years of high school spanish classes i did not absorb at all.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

He felt like his brain was on fire. No, scratch that. His *body* was burning. Like molten lava crawling through his veins, his skin carrying a thick layer of sweat. His thoughts proved to be sluggish and fleeting, and trying to stand or move around seemed impossible.

Every little noise has him flinching. He feels exposed, vulnerable. Like everyone in the compound had eyes on him. They probably did, what with the security camera pointed directly at his cell. They had gotten sick of his failed escape attempts, and Roba wanted to keep him as a pet so much so that he didn't decide on any drastic measures such as delimbing.

Unless one would call *this* a drastic measure. Being given a dose of heat-inducers every morning. Omega hormones injected right in, causing his body to adapt and change. Fuck, he was in *heat*. He had never experienced one, but this was nothing like he had ever felt. No

sickness or rut was like this.

And he adapted to them well. Probably with the amount of stress he was already put through, his body was the one to break. At least it wasn't his mind. He still had that in working condition most of the time. Sometimes he wished he didn't, though. So he could simply turn it off when one of Roba's men snuck into his cell or the man himself decided he wanted to see a new way Simon could bleed.

The cold ground of his cell is heaven and hell all at once. Pressed against his sensitive, feverish skin. He's shivering, he's sure. His entire body was tense, curled in on itself. He had been relieved of his ankle and hand restraints. A testament to how the inducers had stripped him completely of his autonomy.

Hearing the door open down the hall, just out of sight, has him running colder. Every instinct in him tells him to hide. In his nest, which he doesn't have. He'd be safe there, surely. But no, he had no nest. He didn't even fucking know how to build one if given the right materials. He had only seen a few in his lifetime, ones online and his mother's own nest.

"Simon, *cosita bonita*," Roba hums, coming into view. He's smiling, peering down at him with predatory eyes. "You're starting to smell like a real Omega. Feeling like one too, no?"

He grits his teeth, shutting his eyes tight. Almost as if he did it long enough, Roba might go away. But he knows that won't happen. He wasn't that lucky. "Fuck you," he growls instead. His voice is gruff with disuse, the noise rumbling through his chest. Anyone would cower at the sound of it, but the bastard only laughed.

The door squealed as it opened. That, too, was also left unlocked. Tempting him with something he can't hope to achieve. The inducers leave him too weak, too disorientated. His body isn't made for experiencing a heat, and especially not as prolonged as it has been. It was a wonder that his brain hasn't fried in his skull yet.

"The obedience won't come natural. But I'll help you."

Simon notices the lack of Roba's men, the usual few who follow him down here. The lack of a knife or just about any of the typical things brought along with the man's visit. His wandering eyes flick around what he could see of the hall before turning them back up to Roba, seeing how he stood much closer than before.

A realization dawns on him, and he gags immediately before he even has time to think. But nothing comes up, only the acrid taste of bile in the back of his throat. It wasn't like the others hadn't helped themselves before, but they knew better than to leave marks or injuries on him. Roba hadn't done this before, yet with the way he was starting to work at his belt buckle, Simon knew he was utterly fucked.

All he can do is shake his head, eyes squeezed shut. But he can still hear the metal clinking of the buckle and the slide of the belt out of the loops of his jeans. He feels sick. Terrified. Hopes that this would be what kills him.

Standing closer, Simon could pick up on his scent. But it was heavier and richer, more heady. Was the man going into a rut? Was that why he was here? Yet it wasn't Roba. He had smelled him before and this was different. Still distinctly Alpha, but different.

Right as a warm hand moves to cup his cheek, blunt nails digging into the soft skin, he's snapping awake. Panting and choking on breaths. The room is completely dark, but he can still see silhouettes and outlines of things in the room. Eyes more sensitive to light due to his rut.

He's soaked in his own sweat, cold and shaking. He can still feel his rut pulsing through him, hot and restless. He knows he's only half hard against his thigh, the fear from the nightmare lingering over and sapping out the need to mate.

On his next inhale, he's not met with the musky scent of his sweat or the sweeter smell of his own signature scent. It's the same scent from the dream, and despite knowing that it wasn't Roba's, it still feels like his stomach drops. His brain is still foggy, eyes still bleary. Someone was here, someone that he knows but he just can't fucking *think*.

Simon's clumsy attempt to stand is cut short when he bangs into one of the metal pieces of the bed frame, metal clanking together. It's easy to ignore the pain of stubbing his damn toe when he quickly scrambles back into his nest, where it must be safe. It has to be safe, he can't believe otherwise.

"Ghost?" Suddenly sounds out from behind the door. He feels every muscle in him tense, trying his best to be quiet. He could do it so easily without his rut fucking with his head. Blend into the shadows, never being seen if he doesn't want to.

He knows that voice. An inkling of comfort comes from it, but he still doesn't trust it. He's trusted people before and it never turned out great.

"Ghost, it's Soap. Are ye alright?"

He can feel his instincts perk up, lift the fear just a little bit. Soap. He knew Soap, knew that he trusted him. He came earlier. Showed up out of concern, of course under Price's orders. But he can't fucking move. The Alpha's scent is strong, clogging his throat. He wants to throw himself at the man, nuzzle in until he can't tell where one starts and the other begins. At the same time, he wants to rip him apart for entering his territory.

"...Simon?"

The name has his mind blanking. He knows he bears his teeth to nothing but the dark. Only a few people called him that anymore, and most were dead. A growl vibrates out of his chest before he can even realize it, and the small flash of a memory in his mind has him smothering the noise. Nothing good happened when he growled.

But his mind was on loop, the needy part still basking in the heat of his rut. A constant mantra of *Johnny, Johnny, Johnny*. He wanted him and didn't want him, and he wanted to cry from the overwhelming turmoil knowing that there was no end in sight.

He can hear the other man back away from the door. He swallows down whatever noise that wanted to crawl up out of his throat in response. Only curled further into himself.

"Alright," Soap started again. "I'm backin' up. Not gonna come in."

The sound of Soap's voice drew him further and further from his dream. Clicked everything that had misaligned back into place. The mismatched memories his brain jumbled for the sake of torturing him in his sleep. He's grateful, the scent of Soap growing fainter once he was away from the door. It was still everywhere, the dampener had worn off at one point and had gone unchecked.

He's still flushed and shaky from his rut. Like every wave, he slept through it. His body didn't appreciate it, but it was easier. Better than staying awake, not knowing how the fuck to take care of himself. His instincts begging for two things at once, needing soothing on either side.

“I’m stepping out for a wee bit.”

Simon makes no effort to respond. He wasn’t saying he was *leaving* , just going out. He has to tell himself this repeatedly as he hears Soap’s footsteps retreat. A few more moments and then the front door opens and shuts.

He sits there for a while. He thinks he cries. Only silent tears, having no energy to sob or whine. No matter how hard he tries, he can’t stop the memory his dream brought up. Even without Roba’s voice in his head or the picture of him in front of him, he can still feel his *hands*. Everywhere.

He had little issue with this outside of his ruts. Sure, there were bad nights. But they were few and far between, considering the fact that it had happened nearly the better half of a decade ago. But his rut was just a constant reminder, his brain only associating it with the heat-inducers. He had gotten good at ignoring his rut before that, even without the help of suppressants. Just another need his body had that he couldn’t or wouldn’t give it.

His tears had dried out by the time he hears the door once more. It probably hadn’t even been that long, yet at the same time it felt like hours. So he just sits and listens, hearing the noises migrate to the kitchen.

After dinner, he showers. The rut isn’t over, but the layer of sweat caked on his skin from the nightmare was uncomfortable. And the cool water helps soothe his mind, chilling his overheated body.

His routine is quick, only slowed because he knows five minutes wouldn’t do much to help. A part of him wishes he could swap out the blankets in his nest, undoubtedly having been soaked. Yet he wasn’t sure if he could stand breaking it apart before the rut was over. No matter how temporary, it’d feel like losing the one place he was safe.

After the water is turned off, he towels himself off until he wasn’t dripping with water. Then he tugs on some clothes, another loose shirt and a pair of soft pants. He’s careful not to look at the mirror, knowing he wouldn’t like what he saw. He never did, especially during his ruts.

Stepping out, he notices the main room was vacant. Yet his eyes find his door, open with the light on, and finds panic pushing his heart into

his throat. He knows Soap wouldn't fuck with his nest, but he still takes quick strides to the doorway only to pause to take in the sight.

The other man was carefully balancing one of the legs of his bed frame, the metal rod screwed into one of the corner pieces for stability. A second one was already propped up on the opposite side of his nest, the mattress and blankets otherwise untouched.

"Ah, LT," Soap greets with a sheepish grin, looking over his shoulder. "I promise I touched nothin'. I just figured you'd like something like this."

Simon stares at the two metal rods again before looking back at Soap, his eyebrows furrowed. "And that is...?"

"Ye could hang a sheet off o' them and make a cover. A lot of Omegas do it. Not-- I'm not saying you are one, just that... well. Just thought if a nest makes ye feel safe, then..." Soap's face grew increasingly red as he fumbled, and Simon decided to cut in on his rambling before he said something else he'd regret.

"Alright. I'll give it a shot." Admittedly, the open room had always soured the effect of the nest. But he couldn't be bothered to make room in his closet, something his mother had always done for hers. Soap relaxes at Simon's agreement, and quickly gets the leg balanced before standing up.

Simon takes the silent cue and goes to his closet, taking a sheet from the top shelf before bringing it over. It gets unfolded and they drape it over the two legs. The other corners get tucked under the mattress on the opposite side, making a slanted roof of the sheet.

Soap is beaming when they both step back, obviously proud of his work. Simon wonders if he had done it before, realizing he knew very little of his private life. He knows of his family, his life before the military. Some bits of it throughout. But nothing personal, like if he had anyone waiting for him back home. Though he doubts he wouldn't at least hear about them *once* if he did.

"Go on, try. We can adjust it if ye think it needs it." Soap was then ushering him to crawl in.

He relents, lifting the front end of the sheet once he was on his knees and crawled back onto the mattress. The space is confined, but immediately he finds himself relaxing. It trapped his own scent in and kept Soap's muted, though there were traces of him on the sheet from

him handling it. Simon can't say he minds.

"It's... It's nice," He speaks up after a moment. "A lot better."

He could already feel his rut seeping back in. Upping his temperature from where he had normalized it once again. But it was gentler, undoubtedly one of the last waves he'll have. And what a way to kick this one off, feeling more safe than he's ever felt before. Like he was in his own little bubble. Now it made sense why his mother always put her nest in the coat closet.

"Good. I'll be just out the door for now. Want me to get the light?"

He inhales to answer, but freezes. He knew what he wanted already. Soap's scent left on the sheet was so faint, it'd be smothered within minutes. If he asked... *would* he scent him? There was only one way to find out, but he was terrified by the possibility of rejection. Maybe Soap really was here on just Price's orders.

"Ghost?"

"Could-- Could you scent me?" He blurts it out before he can stop himself. The silence that settles is too heavy, and he wants to squirm in discomfort. The sheet prevented him from even seeing Soap's body language, only able to see the faint silhouette cast by the overhead light across the sheet.

Then the other man moved, dropping down to a kneel. "Do ye want me to come in for it? Or do you want to come out?" He asks, voice quiet. Gentle. Simon grabs at the blanket under him, not knowing what to do with the extra excitement that Soap's willingness evoked. Unable to channel it anywhere.

"In."

Soap slowly grabs the sheet edge and lifts it, ducking under to meet Simon's eyes with a grin. He's careful not to dislodge the sheet, the little space a tight fit for the both of them. But he manages, leaning nearly uncomfortably. Careful to not crowd Simon.

The nest basically floods with his scent, and Simon releases a shaky breath. He didn't know that this was what he needed. What he was missing. The thought of an Alpha near him at all during a rut terrified him to no end, but the fear was gone with Soap. Someone who'd never dream of hurting him to any extent. It helped that they had saved each other's asses more than enough times, going that extra mile to

earn that layer of trust.

The other man carefully reaches out, offering his wrist up to Simon's face in the form of a hand gently brushing over his cheek. He immediately takes the offering, nuzzling into his palm and brushing his nose against the spot right in the center of his wrist.

It's impulse and instinct that has him dipping his tongue out, just barely dragging it over the spot. Soap only reacts with a surprised laugh, low, but doesn't pull away. Lets Simon take his fill of his scent, feeling nearly drunk off of it.

Eventually he does pull away, dragging his hand down until his wrist is just over Simon's scent gland under his ear. The contact has him shuddering, leaning further into the touch and further against Soap. He's vaguely aware he was making noises, soft whines at the end of every breath, melting into his touch.

"No one has ever gone stupid over my scent before," Soap comments, voice just barely above a whisper.

Simon huffs, squeezing his eyes shut to ignore the embarrassment that came from it. "Shut it," he grunts out, earning another laugh. But it doesn't matter, because his head was full of nothing but Soap and he's never felt better. He knows he's practically laying on him, leaning so far against him that his head was on his shoulder.

"Y'ken, I cannae leave if you're in my lap, Ghost."

"Then don't." His voice is muffled where his face was pressed into the muscle of his shoulder, warm through the layer of his shirt.

"Ye sure? Don't want ye to wake up like ye did earlier."

"Affirm. Think 's 'cause I couldn't identify your scent." Sleep was already tugging at his eyelids, unrested from his earlier attempt. It makes his voice slur, but Soap still responds with a hum.

"Alright. I'll stay."

This time, Simon dreams of nothing. Mind wonderfully blank as he rests, curled around Soap with the other holding him just as tightly.

Chapter End Notes

ghost finally gets a hug, yippee

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!